

my copy

AMERAUCA NA BREEDERS CLUB

FALL 1991 Vol. XIII #3

John W. Blehm

Since I'm not sure Jeanne will get a chance to write her article I'm going to share with you parts of the letter she sent to me dated "late Thurs." and mailed 8/16/91

"Hi - decided to take a break and write you. I've been busy trying to regroup, work and get a house. I know it's close to bulletin time and I don't have a thing to say but I'll try to dash off something ASAP.

You didn't send the catalog so I haven't ordered the trophies. Why don't you just order them. There is no way I can go to Milwaukee. I am in the midst of getting a new trailer and electricity (Yeah, Rex is going to have electricity run). Any \$\$ I have is for setting up the house.

I don't have anything to show. My few bantams are naked. Heavy duty moulting. Leaves are turning. I'm so afraid of early and hard winter. The fair in Bellaire is now and I can't even show anybody.

I'm real nervous about getting set up before winter. Time is running out and I'm not near ready. I simply can't go. Just no way. I lost everything and it's taking bunches of money to regroup. One of the club members sent me \$100.00. That really touched me. I got some nice cards and I've been sending them. Many people have helped a lot.

I finally found a great trailer. It's wonderful - clean - everything works. Wonderful kitchen. I love it. It's older but "top of the line" and from when they made trailers of real stuff. It's a 1966 Park Estate. The cupboards are real wood. Good quality. Linoleum on the kitchen floor. I had plenty of down \$\$ and payments are reasonable - plus they bring it out and set it up. I'm so excited. We have decided to put it in a shaded spot. That will take work. Clearing the site, etc. Brother Pete is coming up next weekend to help. That is a major work project. Trees, sumacs, junk to clear.

When all gets done I'll be better off than I was.

Well, I've got the alarm set so I can get up and check out a garage sale. They are holding a bed for me. Maybe I'll find some other treasures. I don't have anything - I have one blanket and it gets cold. I have no boots, no jacket, no gloves. So you can see - I have so much to do.

Gotta get to bed so I can get an early start.

Love, Jeanne"

P.S. - Jeanne's trailer is being set 8/30. She has her Grandmother's dining room set + Bro Pete gave her his guitar

Because everyone is so busy I didn't have a cover contributed and couldn't think of one so I left it blank. Have any suggestions for the next one?

The Editor -

1991 NATIONAL MEET MOTEL HEADQUARTERS

The Excel Inn at the corner of I-94 and Hwy 100 in Milwaukee is holding a limited number of rooms for Sept. 27 & 28 for members of the Ameraucana Breeders Club. Please make reservations soon as these will go quickly on a first-come first-served basis. The Excel Inn nationwide toll free reservation number is 800-356-8013.

This is a newer motel located close to the fairgrounds and is next door to a Holiday Inn in case some of you prefer more luxurious accommodations. If traveling east on I-94 use exit 100; if traveling west use exit 304B (Hwy 100).

We personally inspected several motels and feel this is the best value. Also children under 18 stay free. No free breakfast, but free coffee in the lobby. Rates per night are as follows.

Single, one person	\$31.95 + tax
Single, two persons	\$36.95 + tax
Double, two persons	\$38.95 + tax
Double, extra adults	Add \$4.00 each

(no rollaways - bring sleeping bags?)

DONT FORGET!: Reception Friday eve in the Horman or Gilbert room with special Wisconsin treats.

REMINDER!: Mail those specials to Dave Horman now so they can be included in the show catalog.

See you there!

Mary & Mike Gilbert



POULTRY FROM THE PAST

Poultry Superstitions--From time immemorial, many wise sayings and adages have been associated with poultry culture. Barbaric, as well as most of the civilized races, have had their traditional maxims to the effect that "there's luck in poultry." In our own enlightened country, and in our youthful days, we have heard these trite sayings. And while we have grown into maturer years, the wisdom and truth of the adage hold as good now as then, or as thousands of years ago, though nowadays the words are understood in a sense different from the notions of ye olden time.

It is pleasing to poulterers to look back through the vista of years and note how the ancients associated "luck and poultry" together as inseparable adjuncts. The Copts, the Medes, the Celts, the Maronites, and some of the Indo-Chinese races, have followed the traditional customs of their primitive ancestors. Marriages, particularly of the young, were seldom solemnized, nor considered auspicious, unless some espoused maiden of the family, or friend, offered a pair of mated fowls to the young couple as a token of love, constancy and good luck.

The Maronites practice this custom to the present day. Lady Hester Stanhope relates being present at two marriages where the "fowl gifts" were encased in artistic rush baskets and festooned with wreathes of fragrant flowers. The Medes offered sacrifices of fowls as the most effectual to appease the wrath of their divinities. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had a more substantial way of giving gifts - the bride received not only the mated "pair," but also a brood of chickens as an encouragement of industrial habits.

But, aside from these primitive customs, many of the early Scandinavian Christians had higher objects in view. On their burial-slabs, with the simple cross roughly chiseled, stood the outlines of a crowing cock, symbolizing the call to resurrection, and beneath were carved Runic inscriptions explanatory of their pious lives.

In whatever light we view the primitive customs of a people who loved to symbolize, or to present to their dear ones a pair of fowls for luck, we cannot deny but it was a wise and an innocent habit - tending in its simplicity to show the domestic economy of poultry-keeping and indicate that the gentlest of the human family are their most suitable guardians.

But, nowadays we have a different generation upon our hands. Few women can muster enough of moral courage to tend and raise chickens without feeling that their own fastidious neighbors would ridicule them for such pleasant pastime. We are glad to note, however, that of late this state of things is being changed. Poultry books and periodicals have done much to show that tending fine fowls is as lady-like an occupation as cultivating flowers. In England, many women of all classes, from the Queen to the humblest and poorest maid or matron, take as much, or even more, interest in fowls than do their brothers or husbands.



The Poultry World
18:207, November 1889

Above article contributed by: Mike Gilbert.

(Thanks, Mike)

PETE CROW'S EGGS

Fifty years ago this summer I was happily exiled to my grandmother's home in Lincoln, California, a small "one horse" town in the Sacramento Valley. The only industry in town was a clay products plant the locals referred to as "the pottery" and which provided employment for a majority of the men of the community. The pottery whistle could be heard all over town and started the work day at seven, blew again at noon and at one and ended the work day at four. In a very real way, the pottery regulated the very lives of the people of Lincoln with the exception of a few, such as Pete Crow.

Pete was a wood cutter and made his living selling firewood. It was said that Pete could hear an oak limb snap a mile away and hear a tree fall at five. Pete also had a sideline - he sold eggs and this is where I enter the picture.

I clearly remember a day that began something like this: "Donnie, go out and gather eggs. Your Uncle Jerry will be home for lunch soon." Well, gathering the eggs was something of a mystical quest in which the prize was seldom, if ever, realized. My grandmother's flock was the poorest, scruffiest lot of mongrels one could lay eyes on and were probably old enough to vote.

Nevertheless, I dutifully went through the motions and as usual, approaching the chicken yard - a veritable wasteland punctuated with an occasional dessicated corn cob or melon rind - that motley host scrambled out from under the shady fig tree and waddled over to see if I had a handout of some sort. Among that lot of feathered has-beens was my favorite, a white bantam hen distinguished by a crest, which (naturally), I called "Topsy". Shooing the others aside, I presented her with a nice, fat hornworm I had plucked from Grandma's tomato plants on my way. With much gasping and eye-popping effort, she managed to gag it down and quickly rejoined her listless comrades beneath the fig.

I entered the chicken house with the usual naivete of the young and squinting in the darkness (the chickenhouse had no windows, just an open door) could find no eggs in the nests. In spite of having gone through this hopeless endeavor many times, it was nevertheless disappointing and the alternative was foreboding, as we shall see.

"No eggs, Grandma." Before I could say another word, she said; "No matter, take this quarter (pressing it into my clammy paw - I knew what was next) and run up to Crow's for half a dozen eggs."

Like a condemned man, I slunk out of the house and mumbling a prayer, proceeded cautiously up the road (no sidewalks in our part of town) toward Crow's and my fate. The story around town was that Pete Crow had lit a match to see how full the gas tank was on his truck and the resulting explosion had burned and disfigured his face horribly. We kids were terrified to look upon him and imagined all kinds of evil from what was actually an otherwise ordinary individual.

As I worked my way barefooted up the side of the road being careful to avoid glass, bottle caps and star thistle, every house had the same radio program coming through the screened doors and windows: Stella Dallas or Young Widow Brown, Back Stage Wife or perhaps Lorenzo Jones and His Wife, Belle, and if one was careful and listened carefully you got nearly the complete episode.

I approached the house at the end of the road with dread. Behind the neat picket fence stood the tiny house and beyond the house, cord after cord of neatly stacked oak surrounding the poultry yard. With trembling hands, I opened the gate, tread softly up the wooden stairs and taking a deep breath, knocked on the door.

After a few moments of absolute terror, the door opened and there to my immense relief, stood tiny Mrs. Crow. She wore her hair pulled back in a bun and on her little nose sat a pair of enormous horn-rimmed glasses one sees in high school yearbooks of the twenties.

I managed to squeak out "I would like a half dozen eggs for Mrs. Seifert", and handed her the quarter. She disappeared into the house and returned shortly with the eggs in a small paper sack.

PETE CROW'S EGGS - continued

"You must be Leona's boy up from San Francisco."

"Yes, Ma'am. Thank you!"

And with that, I flew down the steps and closing the gate, hot-footed it down the road, eggs and spirits soaring as the noon pottery whistle sounded across town.



Don Cable

FROM THE OZARKS

Hello to all from HOT-DRY Missouri. The weather seems to be trying to make up for last year's wettest on record, by being the driest and hottest. June went on record books as the driest in 100 years - less than a half inch of rain all month.

The bantam show at the Ozark Empire Fair ended two weeks ago today. Entries were down - 180 this year. Club member, Will Warner of Dunnegan, entered birds - he had reserve AOCCCL on a wheaten hen and had both Champion & Reserve Featherleg on a black Cochin hen and a light Brahma. Congratulations, Will. He's showing at the State Fair starting today.

Youngsters are growing but its sure going to be close as to whe ther they will finish enough to show by next month. Most of the older stock is losing feathers here and there - not a good complete molt at all. Come on, guys, let's get with it. You really don't look your best in a pin feather suit!

I thought I was through working for the season the last of May, then got called back and am now doing 4 to 5½ days plus a week. It sure blows my time (what's that???) since it's usually around two when I get home. The extra scratch is nice, but I'm sure not getting anything else done. Yesterday, along with my usual watering routine, I transplanted 792 pansy plants.

It's hard to believe it's been almost two years since Highland and our last National. Time sure goes fast. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone again. Hope you all can make it. I'm not only looking forward to the Milwaukee Show - the Dominique National Meet is at Hampton, Iowa the weekend before. North Iowa has one of the best smaller shows going and I sure would like to see our '93 National there.

Right now, think MILWAUKEE - here we come!

Mary Lou Phelps
Aug. 15, 1991



CENTRAL DIST MEET

JUNE 29 - 30

DAIRYLAND CLASSIC SHOW RESULTS

WHITES - BANTAM (5)

COCKS	1) BUSKE RB	2) HORMAN
HENS	1) BUSKE RB	2) HORMAN
PULLETS	1) BUSKE	

LUHEATON - BANTAMS (3)

COCKS	1) GILBERT RV	2) HORMAN
HENS	1) HORMAN 3V	

BLUE WHEATON (1)

HENS 1) GILBERT

BLACK (2)

HENS 1) BUSKE 2) BUSKE

BLUE (1)

HEN 1) BUSKE

Dave Horman

1991 Americana Breeders Club National Meet
Awards By Club Members as of July 6, 1991

Large Fowl

Award	For	By
# 10.	Champion Display Large Fowl	Urch
10	Champion Large Fowl	Hutchinson
5.	Reserve Large Fowl	Gilbert
10.	Champion Black	Patane
5.	Reserve Black	Urch
10	Champion Silver	Patane
5.	Reserve Silver	Urch
10.	Champion White	Gilbert
5.	Reserve White	Gilbert
(see below) 5 *	Champ. A.O. Std. Variety	Gilbert
" " 5 *	Reserve A.O. Std. Variety	Gilbert

Bantams

# 25.	Champ Display Blue-wheatens	Cable
25.	Champ Display Wheatens	Cable
10.	Reserve Display Wheatens	Wunderlich
10.	Champion Bantam	Hutchinson
5.	Reserve Bantam	Gilbert
(see below) 10. *	Champ. A.O. Std. Variety	Gilbert
" " 5. *	Reserve A.O. Std. Variety	Gilbert
Trophy	Champion White	Buske
uncirculated } silver Dollar }	Champion Display Whites	Horman
uncirculated } silver Dollar }	Best Head on Male Bantam	Horman

* Std. Variety other than Champion or Reserve Bird.

AMERICAN POULTRY ASSOCIATION



Nona Shearer, Secretary
26363 S. Tucker Road
Estacada, OR 97023
(503) 630-6759

Membership

Adult \$8/year - \$15/2 years
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Each adult member receives a yearbook
All Color Standard (1989 edition) includes
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Turkeys \$37.00

Write for a list of other publications.

L. M. Boyd:

That English literary light Samuel Butler wrote, "A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg."

Chicken breeders say they could turn out bigger hens' eggs if they created an artificial day 28 hours long. Trouble is exceptionally bigger hens' eggs, like duck eggs, don't sell all that well.

Am told it's specifically legal in Clawson City, Mich., to sleep with your chickens. Interesting. Must be illegal some places.

Q. If hens lay eggs according to daylight and dark, how do they manage the nearly perpetual daylight of Alaska's summers?

A. Barnyard poultry folk put blinds on coops. The bigger operators control the electric lighting as elsewhere.

You're about as much bigger than a chicken as a dragonfly is bigger than a housefly. A dragonfly has been seen to eat 40 houseflies in two hours. Could you eat 40 chickens in two hours?

There are times
I RUFFLE
YOUR FEATHERS,
and times when I
SQUAWK a bit, too...
but —



AMERICAN BANTAM ASSOCIATION

ELEANOR VINHAGE
Secretary



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SCIENCE NEVER SLEEPS.
THEY'VE COME UP WITH AN
EGG THAT HAS 50% LESS
CHOLESTEROL.



B.C.

11/10

HOW'D THEY
MANAGE
THAT?

IT'S A ROBIN'S EGG.



We have to stick together...
to make this club work!



REFLECTIONS FROM THE BIG SKY COUNTRY -

Time is slipping away - fast. This is the last newsletter before the Ameraucana Breeders Club National Meet in Milwaukee, WI on Sept. 28-29, 1991. If you haven't made your motel reservations yet, take a few minutes and find the page with all that information on it and make the call. Go ahead....I'll wait for you -

Hum, hum, de dum, de dum....

Oh, your back. Aren't you glad you took care of that now?

If you are reading this you are reading my editorial. An editorial is the opinion or thoughts of the editor...nothing more or less. My aim in this section of the newsletter is to tell you my version of what's going on or not going on. I have never tried to hurt anyone purposely by what I write. Once in awhile someone may take offense. That is the individuals choice - they also have the opportunity to write an article for the newsletter. The more articles submitted by the other members the less I have to write. I'm always please to receive and print someone else's article. Be my guest - we need all the input available.

This summer has been active - but summers usually are. Some of the things that took place are good...and some not so good.

One of the not so good things was Jeanne's home burning to the ground on June 27th. Jeanne was lucky to be outside at the time...but unlucky to lose everything except what she was wearing. None of her animals were lost but her lifetime of possessions were. I have trouble trying to comprehend such a total loss of personal possessions. The mental stress, to me, is overwhelming. Jeanne's friends and family have rallied around and have help replace some of the material goods but the sentimental loss can never be replaced. Jeanne, I am here. How can I help? Hopefully Jeanne will be able to be in Milwaukee in late Sept. The club is counting on her to bring the trophies and her large fowl Ameraucanas.

In June I figured I be helpful in the yard and stepped in a hole. Broke my left ankle. Luckily the Dr. let me decide if I wanted a fiberglas cast from my knee to my toes for six weeks or an ankle air brace for eight to ten weeks. I chose the air brace. It is so much more flexible and I can take it off to take a bath or sleep. And most of the time when I wear the brace noone knows I have a broken ankle or a brace. My ankle still gets sore and swells but as of today (8/13) it seems to be okay. (Still can't wear high heels but I can be patient.)

I had an opportunity to go to the North Dakota State Fair in Minot in late July. They have a beautiful old wooden building with lots of windows and vents for the poultry barn. The floors are cement but the whole barn is roomy and comfortable. It never did get hot in there while I was there. They had more than 1000 birds exhibited and a good assortment. The people associated with the barn are super people. I was hoping I'd get a chance to meet Ron Bugner from Reeder, ND but he didn't show up. There were a few Ameraucana bantams exhibited but not really impressive. It was a fun couple of days..even tho I was working.

I've heard from a few of the regular members...Mary Lou is busy teaching her beauties how to flirt with the judge and make a good impression. Mike is working with Dave to wrap up all the loose ends to make this a great show for all of us. They want this to be a really BIG BIG SHOE. They have time still to get their birds trained to pose and look pretty. Hope you are doing the same. We really are hoping for an impressive display.

Haven't heard from Bruce or Candy or Susan lately. Or Bernard or Jerry. Hope everyone is okay. I imagine Susan Geytina is busy getting ready to relocate with her company when it moves in Sept. Bernard is busy getting the club photo album dusted off and updated. Jerry Segler is working to perfect his birds. What are the rest of us/you doing?

I called Don Cable the other day for some technical advice. His article was ready to be mailed he said. He is in the same boat I am...what wise words of wisdom to put down for all of the club. I asked him if he had any ideas as to how to get the members to take part in keeping this newsletter going. He suggested a Members Forum - what do you think? To be honest with you this has been a long hot summer and my pool information is drying up. I would appreciate hearing from you. Anything of interest...housing birds, your thoughts

CLUB ORGANIZATION CHART

PRESIDENT

Leaps tall buildings in a single bound
Is more powerful than a locomotive
Is faster than a speeding bullet
Walks on water.

FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

Leaps short buildings in a single bound
Is more powerful than a switch engine
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet
Walks on water, if the sea is calm
Asks permission to talk to President.

SECOND VICE PRESIDENT

Leaps short buildings with a running start and favorable winds
Is almost as powerful as a switch engine
Is faster than a speeding BB
Walks on water in an indoor swimming pool
Talks with President if special request is approved.

TREASURER

Barely clears quanset hut
Loses tug-of-war with a locomotive
Can fire a speeding bullet
Swims well
Is occasionally addressed by President.

SECRETARY

Makes high marks on wall when trying to leap buildings
Is run over by locomotive
Can sometimes handle a gun without inflecting self injury
Dog paddles
Talks to animals.

DISTRICT DIRECTORS

Runs into buildings
Recognizes locomotives 2 out of 3 times
Is not issued ammunition
Can stay afloat with a life jacket
Talks to walls.

CLUB MEMBERS

Falls over doorsteps when trying to enter buildings
Says "Look at the choo-choo"
Wets him/her self with water pistol
Plays in mud puddles
Mumbles to him/her self.

EDITOR OF CLUB BULLETIN

Lifts buildings and walks under them
Kicks locomotives off the tracks
Catches speeding bullets with teeth and eats them
Freezes water with a single glance
Is Really President!!

*This is just
for fun. Enjoy.*

*Actually the backbone of a
Club are the members.*

1991 AMERAUCANA BREEDERS CLUB MEMBERSHIP FORM

Dues; Family \$10.00 Individual \$7.50 Junior \$5.00 (All dues due 1/1)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

PHONE #: (_____) _____ .

If you are paying for a family would you please list family members names and ages:

Use additional paper if necessary.

I (WE) raise and breed the following AMERAUCANAS.

LARGE FOWL:

BANTAM:

I will sell: Hatching Eggs _____ Chicks _____ Started Stock _____ Adult Birds _____

Will you ship any of the above? _____ .

Will you deliver to shows any of the above? _____ .

List other breeds of poultry you raise or breed, please. Be sure to state if they are Large Fowl or Bantams, Bearded or Non-bearded and varieties, please.

Please use the space below for your comments, thoughts, ideas or general information about you or your family. Any suggestions for future newsletters would be appreciated.

Please return this questionnaire and membership dues to: David Norman
W 5381 Co. Tr. M&W
Holmen, WI 59636

Remember ALL Memberships are renewable on January 1, 1992.